THE SUMMER'S EVE.

A POEM.

BY

JOHN BIDLAKE, A.B.

CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, AND MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH.

LONDON:

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

SOLD BY MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, FLEET-STREET; AND R. BLISS, OXFORD.

MDCCC.

Price Four Shillings.

Martha Taylor

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem cannot but feel himself much flattered by the numerous List of Subscribers, who, without solicitation, have come forward to honour him with their patronage. It is not, however, the number, but the persons, which give him most reason to feel satisfied. With no small anxiety he hopes that the Work may afford them no cause to regret that their expectations have been ill-founded.

The Etchings by Mr. WILLIAMS are all local, and were immediately sketched

from Nature, selected from the beautiful scenery to be found near Plymouth, and do much credit to the taste of the Artist, who is about to publish a Series of Views from this vicinity.

ARGUMENT. PART I.

The Poem commences with a description of Evening at the time when the Sun first declines towards the horizon. The Author ascends an eminence; objects noted in the ascent; he reaches the summit; prospect seen from thence. Evening and its pleasures described. The calm of the scenery naturally inspires reflections on rural life, and induces a comparison between the blessings of our insular situation, who are thereby removed from feeling the immediate distresses of war, and those countries which form the theatre of it. The happy state of the country in the enjoyment of internal tranquillity, and in the absence of civil discord. Description of a Village laid waste by war; contrasted by remarks on the delights of Peace. Sunset. Descent from the eminence. Picture of a farm. Domestic life. Tender affections given to promote present happiness in the lower as well as higher situations of society. Exemplification of the latter in the story of Morillio and Glycine. Poetic descriptions of the joys of rural life often fiction; instanced in a poor cottage. Vice destructive of the benefits of benevolence; suggested by a view of the seat of village debauchery. The Church. The beneficial and happy effects of the Sunday. The aged Clerk. Twilight.

ARGUMENT. PART II.

Increase of darkness. Ascent of the Moon. Entrance into the Church. Contemplation by moonlight. Vanity of life conspicuous in monumental pride. Shortness of existence. Private grief indulged. Life exposed to the perpetual ravages of death; its destructive power in foreign climates. Diseases: Consumption; the sudden fate of Melissa. The ravages of death on friendship lamented. A future state. The sorrows of life increased by the vices of men. Conclusion.

JOHN TAYLOR
BOOKSELLER
WATLING STREET

THE SUMMER'S EVE.

PART I.

Εν δ' επεσ' ωκεανῳ λαμπρον φαος ηελιοιο
Ελκον νυκτα μελαιναν επι ζειδωρον αρουραν.

Hom. Iliad. Book viii. l. 485.

Jam procul summa villarum culmina fumant;
Longioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

Virgil.

A

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. Mr. Aldisworth.
Mr. Allen, Surgeon, R. Navy.
Mr. Atkinson, Shea.
Mr. J. Adams, Stonehouse.
Lieut. C. Adair, M. Forces.
Miss M'Arthur, Dock.

Mr. Bliss, Bookseller, Oxford, 25 copies.
Mr. Bennett, Plymouth.
Rev. Mr. Burt, Odcombe.
Mr. William Burt, Bridgewater, 2 copies.
Capt. Bidlake, Marine Forces.
Rev. C. Birdwood, Plymouth.
Mrs. Bewes, Plymouth.
Mr. T. Baron, jun. Plymouth.
Miss Marian Bidlake.
Miss Bidlake, Totnes.
Mr. Blanchard, Dock.
Miss Bayley, Stoke.
T. Bewes, Esq.
Mr. Bowles, Dock.
Mr. Bone, Attorney, Dock.
Mr. G. V. Bains, R. Navy.
Lieut. Bely, R. Navy.
Lieut. Ballingall, M. Forces.
Lieut. Burke, R. Navy.

Mr. Coryndon, Attorney, Plym.
J. Culme, Esq. Tothill.
J. Culme, Esq. jun. Efford.
Rev. T. Culme.
J. Collins, Esq. Ham, 2 copies.
Mr. Jos. Cole, Southdown.
Mr. Clase, Stonehouse.
Mr. Coxworthy, Dock.
Lieut. Clements, R. Navy.
Miss Crass, Bridgetown.
Wm. Crees, Esq.
Mr. B. Chamberlayne, Plymouth.
Miss L. Cox.
Rev. J. Cole, Exeter Coll. Oxon.
Mr. Cleather, Attorney, Plym.
Rev. C. Cornwallis.
Lieut. Clark, M. Forces.
Lieut. Cartier, R. Navy, 2 copies.

Rev. J. Dunsterville.
Lady Dalston, Stonehouse.
Mr. Davie, Attorney, Dock.
Mr. E. V. Dunsterville, Plym.
Mr. Dunning, Surgeon, Dock.
Major Debrisy, M. Forces.
Mr. F. T. Dyer, Dock.
Mr. W. Dyer, Stonehouse.
Rev. T. Drewitt.
Lieut. Col. Dyer, M. Forces.
Mr. Duparq
Mr. W. Dickerson, Dock.
Mrs. Dupuis.
Mr. Duins, Lincoln Coll. Oxford.
Mr. Date, Plymouth.

Mr. Eastlake, Attorney, Plym.
Mr. Easton, Plymouth.
Mrs. Elford, Dock.
Mrs. England, Stonehouse.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. T. Eales, Plymouth.
Capt. Eyles, R. Navy.
Miss M. Eales, Asburton.

Mr. R. Fuge, Plymouth.
Mr. Fortescue, Surgeon, Plym.
Mr. Fraser, Bookseller, Dock, 2 copies.
Mrs. Fraser, Stonehouse.
Lieut. T. B. Fellows, R. Navy.
Mr. Fox, Plymouth.
Mr. S. Foote, Plymouth.
Mrs. Fitzherbert, Stonehouse.
Miss Ford, Kerswill.
Lieut. Forster, R. Navy.

The Rt. Hon. Lady Graves.
The Hon. Miss Graves.
Rev. J. Gandy, Vicar of St. Andrews, Plymouth.
Rev. J. Garrett, Chudleigh.
Lieut. T. Groube, R. Navy.
Mr. Wm. Gregg, jun. Plymouth.
Mr. Gill, Dock.
Mr. Grey, Plymouth.
Mr. W. Glencross, Dock.
Miss Gennys, Whitley.
Miss Gill, Totnes.

Rev. Mr. Hunt.
Mr. G. P. Harris, Attorney, Plym.
Dr. Huggan.
Capt. Hunt, M. Forces.
Rev. Mr. Hennah.
Mr. N. Howard, Plymouth.
Mr. J. Hilley, jun. Plymouth.
Mr. Haydon, Bookseller, Plymouth, 50 copies.
Mr B. Haydon, jun. Plymouth.
Mr. Hodge, Merchant, Dock.
Mr. Heydon, Bookseller, Dock, 12 copies.
Mr. T. Huss, Stonehouse.
Mr. J. K. Haberfield, jun. Dock.
Mrs. Helyer, Newton Park.
Mr. T. Harris, Kingsbridge.
Mr. T. Harris, Plymouth.
Mr. W. Hoyles, Plymouth.
Capt. Henn, Stonehouse.
Mr. Hensleigh, Plymouth.
Wm. Hall, Esq. Stonehouse.
Mrs. Hartwell, ditto.
Mr. Harris, Attorney, Dock.
Mr. H. Harris, Navy Office.
Mrs. Harris, Dock.
Lieut. Hawes, R. Navy.
Mr. Hermes.
Miss G. Hart, Dock.

Mr. H. J. Johns, Dock.
Mr. E. Jossep, Plymouth.
Mr. Johns, Bookseller, 6 copies.
Mr. D. Jardine, Plymouth.
Mr. T. Jenner, Dock.
Rev. Mr. James.
Mr. J. Isbell, Stonehouse.
Mr. Jacobson, jun. Plymouth.

Mr. S. Kerswill, Dock.
Capt. Kempster, M. Forces.
Mrs. Kent, Plymouth.
Mr. Kinsman, Dock.
Lieut. King, 57th Reg.
Mrs. King, Plymouth.
Lieut. Kologricoff, Russ. Navy.

Rt. Hon. Lady Louisa Lennox.
Rev. Archdeacon Lovett.
Mr. Wm. Langmead, Plymouth.
Major Lindsay, Mar. Forces.
Capt. Lockyer, P. Volunteers.
Mr. T. Lockyer, Plymouth.
Mr. J. Leach, ditto.
Lieut. Loggie, ditto.
Mr. Lancaster, Surgeon, Dock.
Miss Lewis, Plymouth.
Mr. E. Lockyer, Hatfield.
Mr. E. Lockyer, jun. Plymouth.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Latham, Stonehouse.
Mr. Light, Newton.
Mr. Luscombe, Plymouth.
Mrs. Lynd, Dock.
Master J. Lee, Plymouth.
Mr. Lynd, Surgeon, R. Navy.
J. Langmead, Esq.
Mr. T. Lewis, Exeter Coll. Oxf.
Mr. Lloyd, Dock.
Mr. J. Lillycrap, Plymouth.

Capt. Morrice, R. Navy.
Capt. Mackay, R. Navy.
Mr. Mare, Stonehouse.
Major Maxwell, Plymouth.
Rev. Wm. Manley.
Mr. Mound, Mill Prison.
Lieut. Morison, M. Forces.
Mr. W. Mumford, Dock.
Lieut. T. Morice, M. Forces.
Messrs. Murray and Highley, London.
Mr. T. Moore, Stonehouse.
G. Marshall, Esq. Highland House.
Mrs. Marshall, ditto.

Mr. Norrington, Plymouth.
Mr. Nankivel, Dock.
Mr. Norman, Dock.
Mr. Northcote, Plymouth.
Lieut. T. Newton, R. Navy.
Mr. Neve, H. M. S. Formidable.
Mr. G. Nash, R. Navy.

Capt. Oates, Marine Forces.
Lieut. J. M. Oliver, R. Navy.
Capt. O'Bryan, R. Navy.
Mr. Opie, Plymouth.

Mr. Penrose, Hatfield.
Mr. Pridham, Attorney, Plym.
Mr. Pound, Plymouth.
Mr. S. W. Pearse, Cadleigh.
Mr. Wm. Prideaux, Plymouth.
Mr. Phelp, Bookseller, Dock, 2 copies.
Mr. Pownall, Stonehouse.
Mr. Pike, Dock.
Mr. William Parkin, Dock.
Mr. R. Phelps, Dock.
Mr. Poate, R. Navy.
Mr. Phenwick, Plymouth.
Lieut. Pasco, M. Forces.
Mrs. T. Parlby, Stonehouse.
Miss Partridge, ditto.
Miss Pearse, Cadleigh.
Mr. Parham, Attorney, Dock.
Plympton Reading Society.
Samuel Prynn, Esq.
Mr. Philp, Dock.

Rev. Mr. Reece, Dock.
T. Richards, Bookseller, Plymouth, 50 copies.
Mr. Reed, Plymouth.
Mr. Rogers, Bookseller, Plym. 6 copies.
Mr. J. Robins, Plymouth.
Lieut. Adj. Ross, M. Forces.
Lieut. Reyner, R. Navy.
Dr. Remmett, Plymouth.
Miss M. Roe, ditto.
Mr. J. Richards, R. Navy.
Mr. Roach, Bookseller, Dock, 6 copies.
Mr. Rogers, Surgeon, R. Navy.
Mr. T. Robins, Callington.
Lieut. Rogers, R. Navy.

Mr. St. Aubyn, Attorney, Dock.
Mr. Shields, Stonehouse.
Mr. Shephard, Plymouth.
Rev. Mr. St. Legier, ditto.
Mr. Somerville, Dock.
Miss Symons, Chattlewood.
Mr. J. Scobell, Stonehouse.
Mr. P. Symons, Plymouth.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. R. Saunders, Plymouth.
Lieut. G. Steele, R. Navy.
S. Shepherd, Esq.
Miss Snow, Plymouth.
Mr. E. Saunders, ditto.
A. Saunders, Esq.
Mrs. Swan, Plymouth.
Miss E. B. Soady, Dock.
Mr. Wm. Smith, Widey.
H. St. John, Esq.
Mr. J. Sole, Dock.
Mr. J. Swinton, R. Navy.

Mrs. Wm. Turquand, Plymouth.
J. Tingcombe, Esq.
Miss Troubridge, Plymouth.
Lady Temple.
H. Tolcher, Esq.
Mr. Taylor, Dock.
Mr. Tuke, Newport.
Capt. Thompson, West Kent Reg.
Lieut. Thornton, 46th Reg.
Lieut. Thompson, R. Navy.

Miss Valliant, Plymouth.
Mr. Underwood, Dock.

Sir J. B. Warren, Bart. Rear Adm.
Mr. T. Williams, Plymouth.

Major Wall, 2 copies.
Mr. C. Wills, R. Navy.
Mr. J. Whitford, Attorney, Plym.
Mrs. Watkins, Plymouth.
Miss Wheeler, ditto.
Capt. Weir, M. Forces, 3 copies.
Mr. Woolcombe, Surgeon, Plym.
Dr. Woolcombe.
Lieut. V. Webb, R. Navy.
Capt. Wooldrige, R. Navy.
Mr. G. Williams, Attorney, Dock.
Mr. Wallis, Dock.
S. White, Esq. Plymouth.
Mr. A. Wills, ditto.
Mr. W. White, ditto.
Mr. Williams, Surgeon, ditto.
Mr. R. Wills, Dock.
Mr. J. Winter, jun. L. Easton.
Mrs. Winne, Plymouth.
Mr. F. Williams, Dock.
Mr. T. Wallis, Dock.
Lieut. Weaver, M. Forces.
Miss Wentworth.
Miss S. Wentworth.
Mr. Welch, Totnes.
Mrs. J. Webb, Plymouth.
Rev. J. Williams, Dock.
Lieut. Wills, M. Forces.
Dr. Wallis, R. Navy.

Lieut. Yorker, R. Navy.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

SUMMER'S EVE.

PART I.

DAY's radiant King, 'mid all refulgent glow,
Now sinks on Eve's enamour'd bosom slow;
Enthron'd in clouds majestic round him roll'd;
While all the landscape melts in fluid gold:
Save where the purple shades, a misty train,
Steal in transparence o'er the mellow'd plain;
Steal o'er retiring fields, o'er dark'ning woods,
O'er shadowy mountains, and o'er blushing floods;
A thin, pellucid veil, while Saffron spreads;
And cloth'd in tints harmonious Day recedes.
Yon sleepy lake, yon stream that winds in haze,
Yon soft'ning distance catch the ethereal blaze;
In vain shall imitative Art e'er dare
To snatch those glories of resplendent air.

See! from the fading tow'r, the glitt'ring spire
Shoots a long beam of far reflected fire!
The eastern hill a softer blush displays;
And all the flocks are tipt with parting rays:
Intent they nibble on the daisy'd plain,
And step by step a silent progreſs gain;
Their shadows length'ning, misty, and serene,
Stretch their thin forms across the level green.

Now Motion sleeps, and ardent Toil oppreſs'd;
How still the scene! what peace! what balmy rest!
No breath dares o'er the conscious water play,
Kiss its smooth face, or quiver in the spray.
The stationary clouds, the hills descend,
And in the liquid mirror all depend;
The solemn wood, the crag's o'er-pendant brow,
Frown a deep night of dark brown gloom below:
And smooth Reflection spreads her liquid glass,
To catch the flying pictures as they pass;
The swan proud sailing, and on emerald wing,
With plume of orange dye the fisher-king;
To paint each steepy rock that crowns the brink;
The herds and spotted deer that bend to drink.

BRITISH MUSEUM
O M95

Dimples the leaping fish the soft expanse,
Amusive, round, diverging ringlets dance;
In broken lines the watery landscape plays;
A trembling waste of undulating rays.
But, see! the fair reflector stills again,
And Calmness smiles upon the watery plain!
Now Silence, sister of the soothing Hour,
Holds nature lock'd in her enchanting pow'r;
With raptur'd ear, while music pours around,
Outstretch'd Attention stills the whisp'ring ground.
The homeward Peasant seeks his woodside cot,
And whistles off the toils awhile forgot;
Now to the shelter'd shed he draws him near,
His emulous infants prattling pleas'd to hear,
Who eager run his late return to meet,
Claim the fond kiss, and clamorously greet.
Ah! what a tide of rapture fills his heart!
A fuller tide can pomp or pride impart?
Kind Heav'n! thou to the poor hast not deny'd
Life's truest, purest joys; life's better pride!
I see his roof 'mid branches intricate;
I hear him close the far-resounding gate;

It breaks the solemn pause of rural peace,
For sound and shadow both with night increase.
Yet softer sounds my meditation aid;
The far-off bells more sweet by distance made;
Clear notes now mellow'd by the mellowing day,
O'er the smooth waters take their tuneful way:
The cuckoo, shy and lone, who sings by stealth;
The distant rookery's factious commonwealth;
The ceaseless bleatings of the echoing vale;
The linnets trilling in the yellow dale.
Bright through the wood bursts evening's glorious gleam!
'Mid the green leaves in many a radiant stream!
The trees, whose antique trunks, the fringing moss,
And various lichens curiously emboss;
Deep in their dewy shades of verdant night,
Catch the last glare, and glow with burnish'd light.
Now, slow-pac'd Contemplation eyeing earth,
Gives sober truth, and new idea birth.
She beckons to her over-arched shades,
Or to the crag above the purpling glades;
With her she calls me to the nodding brow,
To note the gradual changing scene below.

And, now, within the green lane's shade I stray,
Quick in the sun-beams clouds of insects play;
The sun-beams streaming through the hazel hedge,
Or playful on the green leaf's quivering edge.
Releas'd from school, behold! an infant race!
Joy in each eye, and health in every face;
Their hands all loaded with the fox-glove spoil,
And gold-cups pilfer'd from the meadow soil.
How sweet looks innocence! and, oh! how fair!
Yet pure from guilt; uncanker'd yet by care!
How sweet festivity, when o'er the cheek
Sits laughter, softly thron'd in dimples sleek!
Smile on, sweet Innocents, ere yet betray'd,
Insidious ills, your harmless steps invade;
For soon, too soon, shall sorrow cloud young joy,
Blast the green hope, and ripening fruits destroy;
The bitter biting tooth of insect care,
Not e'en the bud of vernal youth will spare;
And when the monster passions once defile
The simple heart: ah! then farewell the smile
Of virgin mirth; unvitiated glee;
For manhood's smile is scarce from sadness free;

Youth sports like Summer, an Italian scene;
Where day-spring lights the cloudless blue serene;
O'er manhood's gaiety dark vapours low'r;
Mere winter beams just gleaming through a show'r.
Pluck flowers, sweet innocents, while yet ye may;
For few, and brief, adorn your future way,
And short the blessings ye are doom'd to taste,
Through mortal toil's sad, long, and dreary waste;
The birds and gilded butterflies pursue;
Man grasps at fleeting trifles too, like you;
But, ah! with hands less pure; and for those toys
His solid peace, his innocence destroys!

And now I gain the mountain's pendent brow,
Oh! Heavens! what joys transporting burst below!
Where, circled by the horizon's golden zone,
Fair dubious Evening mounts her ruby throne;
The mingling mountains, seeming clouds serene,
Expand a rich, a visionary scene;
Hills, seas, and woods, profusely crowded lie,
All warmly, softly, melting into sky.
The distant city, seat of grandeur, fades;
True human greatness sinking into shades!

And near a variegated scenery spreads;
Steep mountains richly clad, with woody heads;
Dark nodding woods their shaggy sides adorn,
And sloping meadows yellow o'er with corn;
Where late the Zephyr stirr'd, who now at rest,
Sleeps soft on rosy Ether's balmy breast.
Yon fields are gay with flowers; there green Repose
Sits sober; and there ardent Colour glows;
In flaming mantle gaudy Yellow lies;
The fields with scarlet there the poppy dyes;
And now the ochre tints prevail; and now
The soils red bosom furrow'd by the plough;
And there a steepy road o'er mountains winds;
And there a path the tree-hid cottage finds;
And there, from burning turf, the smoke dispreads,
Condensing mist pursues the rivers beds.
Like heaven itself serenely smooth the lake,
The wily rivers sinuous courses take;
The cultur'd farm speaks happiness; and still
The village temple looks upon the hill;
From every point the holy thought excites,
And all to better worlds religiously invites.

From opening clouds, where partial Ether beams,
Behold, what strong concenter'd lustre streams!
Mark! there on golden wings transparent bright!
How momentary flits the wandering light!
Now tips the rocks; now cheers the somb'rous hills;
Gilds the broad seas, and silvers o'er the rills;
Warm on the lake behold its blushes brood,
Now proudly bursting o'er the distant wood;
Delight diffusing where it sits awhile,
Behold the gladden'd gloom of shadow smile!
Hail! Evening, hail! thou soft, thou favourite hour;
Oft let me court thy museful, pensive pow'r:
Thou sabbath of each day, that giv'st the opprest
The cheering taste of temporary rest.
Semblance of happiness beyond the grave,
That joy'st the blest; and canst e'en glad the slave,
Forgot his stripes, and all his live-long woes,
With transient ecstasy his bosom glows;
When sprightly Frolic at thy kind advance,
His chain unlocks, and winds the oblivious dance.
The calm domestic joys, the train of peace,
Beneath thy fost'ring, downy, wing increase.

Chaste Love selects thy soft propitious rest,
To ease the tumults of the tortur'd breast;
The swelling tide of words profuse to pour,
Which sighs and looks alone had spoke before,
In the cool walk, or 'mid the whisp'ring grove,
Where scarce a wand'ring foot is wont to rove.
The peasant too at close of slow departing day,
Delights his garden's progress to survey;
And leisurably trims each frugal green,
Where scarce an useless flow'r may dare be seen.

On thee, sweet Even! all in glorious state,
The various tribes of lucid colour wait;
Softly harmonious melting as they fly,
Transparent o'er the ever-changing sky;
Children of light in far diverging streams,
They tinge the radiant lines of solar beams;
While shade on shade the trembling troops of Fear
Crowd darkling on, and close thy solemn rear.
Soft hours, thy train, celestial roses shed,
By thy ambrosial dew-drops gently fed;
Thy handmaid Twilight treads her northern rounds,
Twilight, that hates the Equator's torrid bounds;

On pinions slow she sails in pale grey robe,
And holds the ling'ring day above the globe.
In this soft season be it oft my lot,
Within some neat, some close embower'd cot,
The juice to sip, that reason ne'er enchains,
Nor the sick soul with late repentance pains.
Thence let me stray through devious paths to view
Sweet Nature, ever lovely, ever new.
Mine be the cool sequester'd walk, afar
From smoke and noise, and every face of care;
Far from the public haunt, where side by side
The tawdry cits display their Sunday pride;
Where Vanity and Wealth, a motley train,
With envy swell, with cruel scandal pain.
Delightful change, to tread the village scene,
The silver smiling brook, the meadows green;
The genuine features of fair Nature's face,
The charms of pure Simplicity to trace;
Where every look, devoid of studied art,
Speaks out the native language of the heart;
Where yet no town-bred vice, with boldness fraught,
To gloze the genuine sympathy has taught;

There blushing Modesty must sink beneath
The bold rebuke, that Impudence dares breathe.
How sweet! when if a cool, a fragrant show'r,
Sheds lustre on each renovating flow'r,
Feeds their parch'd cups, and glads their purpling eyes,
They laugh replenish'd with a thousand dyes!
And every hedge fresh incense breathes around;
And incense breathes from all the teeming ground!
A deeper blush the joyous wild rose wears;
More lovely Nature seems amid her tears!
Amusing 'tis the meadow nigh to pass
When sparkling gems bedrop the bladed grass;
With sparkling gems the spider's slender line,
The thistle's bearded down, the green leaves shine;
And heedless Pity shuddering, oft bewails
The sudden crush of pathway crossing snails.
Recedes the cloud, expansive Ether bright,
Diffusive beams with all resplendent light;
The feather'd choir, from field, from dale, or grove,
With grateful songs the waking scene approve;
The thrush still louder strains, the blackbird shrill,
The vales all talk, and echoes every hill:

To heav'n's blue vault swift darts the lark on high,
And fills with rapture all the gladden'd sky.
How joys the exile, long condemn'd to roam,
At length returning to his native home,
At even-tide who gains some mountain's brow,
And thence beholds his much-lov'd spot below!
What tides of feeling his fond bosom fill
As he the dome o'erlooks, the valley still!
Anticipates, while hope beams in his eyes,
What absence better teaches how to prize;
The cherub babes, the fond assiduous wife,
The tender ties that hold the cords of life;
The improving beauty which he trusts to find,
The nobler beauties of the expanding mind;
The nameless transports soft Affection gives,
Where equal temper reigns, and Concord lives.
All, all by frequent letter oft explain'd,
That sooth'd the breast by length'ning distance pain'd,
As o'er each dear, each interesting line,
With warm sensations exquisitely fine,
He frequent dwelt, and dropt the big round tear,
As memory pictur'd all he held most dear;

And breath'd the deep-fetch'd sigh, not lost in air,
But noted well by Heav'n's omniscient care,
Who gracious hears the bruised soul complain:
From the good breast no sigh is breath'd in vain!

Yet still the landscape fills my wandering view
Each rural beauty raptur'd to pursue.
Blest rustics! for your salutary toil
Is well exhausted on the grateful soil!
Sweet is the peace your simple dwelling yields!
Sweet the endearments of your native fields!
The unencumber'd life, well earn'd repose;
The nameless joys Tranquillity bestows!
When doubtful Dawn, with silver trembling rays,
Soft waking o'er the cloud-capt mountains plays,
Fresh in the field ye daily toil pursue,
Your rural cares attend, your nurslings view.
Each season's change new tasks, new pleasures brings,
While Plenty, lavish round, profusion flings.
The new-mown hay perfumes the summer air,
And ample sheaves reward the reaper's care.
Thrice happy ye who drink the purer breeze,
Remote from city filth and pale disease!

Where crowded wretches in the narrow room
Starve, waste, and sicken, in a living tomb!
Far, far more blest your free, your ampler lot,
Who boast the precincts of an healthful cot!
Fan'd by the gales, replete with ravish'd wealth
From Flora's lovely tribes, true sons of health!
What though insatiate Exercise demands
Your patient toil, your ever-restless hands;
To you is irksome Indolence unknown,
And Health and Innocence your labours crown.
Ah think! what sickly thousands hourly pine
Within the dungeon bowels of the mine!
No sun, who feel, who breathe no balmy air,
But dig for wealth they may not hope to share.
Scar'd o'er with wounds, the veteran soldier bleeds,
Toils in the fight, and boasts heroic deeds.
Yet vain the laurels, and the toils too vain,
Which serve to swell a name he must not gain;
To him, unjust, the historic Muse denies
Her venal page, and Fame her partial prize.
From every vein he pours life's precious tide,
To aid injustice, or to pamper pride;

Resigns his breath a thankless chief to grace;
His name, his acts untold, unknown his face.
While in the field, o'erwhelm'd by heaps of slain,
He groans unheard, 'mid shouts that mock his pain,
Fond relatives expect his blest return,
Chide slow delay, and counting moments mourn;
Or teach his lisping babes to name the hour,
That shall restore him to his peaceful bow'r.
In vain ascends for him the unceasing pray'r;
He groans in death, and answers in despair:
A parent's pangs augment the pangs of death,
And each dear name dies in his parting breath.

Ah! happy England! pleas'd thy fields I see,
And joy that thou from present feuds are free.
While furious Rage in climes more distant burns,
Ah! happy thou! from whom fell Discord turns;
From thee, while furious desolating War
Rolls far away his blood-stain'd mangling car.
Ah! happy thou! with silver zone embrac'd,
While Ocean hugs thee in his stormy waste;
From golden clouds profuse, with lavish hand,
Prosperity sheds bounties o'er thy land;

With favouring breezes swells the advent'rous sail,
And pregnant blessings wafts in every gale.
Imagination turns to distant lands,
And views the conflicts dread of hostile bands;
Where Fury-Passions, and where Horrors reign;
Death, Waste, and Famine, in their hideous train.
On yonder fields, all pensive on the ground,
Pale Melancholy sits in thought profound;
And Devastation stalks with blasting eye;
Beneath his scowl the blooms of Nature die:
Dread Silence reigns, and Desolation still,
Save the hoarse blast, wild howling from the hill.
In ruin'd heaps the smould'ring hamlets lie,
While rising vapours darken all the sky.
By self-made famine wasted, yet slow fire,
'Mid embers latent, lingers to expire.
There late the harmless peasants calmly dwelt,
With unaspiring wish, with peace heart-felt:
There late his flock the happy shepherd fed;
To pastures fair, to crystal rivers led.
There late, when Night and Quiet charm'd the world,
Breathless the air, and the still lake uncurl'd,

The wearied village sought in deep repose
The unconscious bliss that well-earn'd sleep bestows.
No dreams disturb'd the calm of simple rest,
Save the wild visions of the untutor'd breast;
That led their heedless flocks to giddy floods,
Or drest with fear the spectre of the woods;
While the unquiet watch-dog's lengthen'd howl,
Half heard, forewarn'd the wolf's unfriendly prowl.
Sudden they wake, and curling flames surround,
And glaring daggers strike the vital wound.
Where shall they fly? the cruel foes invade!
Butchers by art, and merciless by trade;
Deep strikes the bayonet each panting breast,
The child, the mother, by her infant prest,
By lawful War's unpitying stroke they fall,
And flames and blind Destruction swallow all:
Nor helpless Age protects, nor female fear;
E'en lisping infants quiver on the spear.
Say, what their crimes? does cruel War demand?
His law is wanton rage, or stern command.
See wistful one escap'd, and sad returns,
And doubly bent with care and sorrow, mourns:

The desolated spot, with trembling stealth,
Reseeks of all his parsimonious wealth;
His house, his pratling innocents, demands,
The fruit of all his cares, the labour of his hands.
Can Heaven be cruel? cease, vain murmurs, cease!
Oh! rather say, can Rulers sleep in peace?
From pride, or interest thus, who curse mankind;
Deaf as the deluge, furious as the wind.
Why wave yon harvest on the floating plain,
While whispering zephyr courts the golden grain?
Why are yon hills with fleecy flocks all white?
Why do yon pastures lowing herds invite,
Whose verdure clothes the mountains niggard heads?
Peace! Peace! the vegetable banquet spreads.
Peace bids fair Cultivation to the steepy brow
Lead the stout ox, and drive the advent'rous plough.
Peace gives glad harvests in the shelter'd vale,
To laugh in light, and wanton in the gale.
Peace the kind nurse of every genial art,
The world that tempers, or that glads the heart.
Peace the fond mother of the joyous train
That jocund dance round Plenty's loaded wain;

Mild nurse of pity and the feeling tear,
And all the ties that man to man endear:
From prejudice that clears the jealous soul,
And adverse nations makes one common whole.
Where'er we turn beneath her gentle reign,
Ease, joy, and plenty, glad the village swain;
Peace, child of Wisdom, every bliss bestows;
And war alone from vice and folly flows.

Ye fields! with beauty variously o'erspread,
Where rich Abundance lifts its joyful head!
Ye vivid colours! o'er the scene that play,
And proudly burst in all the glare of day!
Ye glittering marks of an Almighty skill!
That with effulgent pomp rapt vision fill;
Ye annual miracles! that still address
To man your pictur'd language! still to bless
Forget not; though his low, unthankful pride
From all your exhortations turns aside:
Thou, Summer! nurse of ever-teeming Earth,
That feed'st prolific vegetation's birth!
Thou next to Autumn, Nature's favourite heir,
Who dressest Earth with thy peculiar care!

Do ye not speak your lessons to the sight,
Guide by your sense, to all-eternal light?
Ye odours! on elastic wings that rise,
And breathe your gratitude o'er all the skies!
By soft effusion do ye not invite,
And man's poor thanks to waken so delight?
Ye groves! with melody that all abound,
And warble invitation in each sound
To heavenly harmony! ye streams that fall,
Or murmuring glide, I hear your pleasing call.
Oh! not in vain at once ye soothe and cheer,
And whisper kind instruction in my ear.
And thou, bright evening pomp! with dazzling blaze
Sublimely spreading to my wandering gaze!
Whene'er I view thy banners bright unfurl'd,
To Fancy's eye expands a better world.
Thou softness! tuning all my soul to peace!
Ye shades! that awe-inspiring still increase!
Thou, Silence! fruitful Meditation's friend!
All, all your aid propitious lend.
Your pow'rs I own; and as the landscape fades,
I muse intent on life's departing shades;

As passion sinks the warm affections rise,
Leave the base world, and centre in the skies.
The setting orb now warns me to descend,
And to the village bounds my footsteps bend,
Across the bridge that joins the mountain's sides,
High pendent o'er the torrent's tumbling tides;
Museful and slow the nearer scene to trace,
Ere sable night envelope Nature's face.
And now within a half transparent veil
The purple clouds the sinking sun conceal;
The landscape softens with extended gloom,
The red'ning hills a fiery tint assume.
Now mist prevails; but see the golden light
Again bursts forth, by contrast doubly bright.
How warm that glow! how broad, how deep the shade!
How dark the woods! how rich the swelling glade!
Celestial fire flames out on all below;
Herds, flocks, and trees, and men, illumin'd glow.
The nymph that milks her kine feels blushes break
With deeper crimson o'er her vermil cheek:
The gazing swain, who to the red west turns,
With ruddier glow and deep suffusion burns:

The hamlet children sporting in the beam,
Catch the broad glare, and golden cherubs seem.
The disk now swells, a round, ignited ball,
Suspensive, lingering, hesitates to fall:
The floating image, with diminish'd glare,
Hangs tremulously in the fields of air;
Casts a last look on earth, with placid mien,
Then sudden sinks amid the waste serene.
'Tis gone:—a sober softness holds the skies,
And fading Nature into stillness dies.

In this hush'd hour pure ministers descend
From blissful realms their mortal charge to tend;
With guardian care to watch the night's repose,
And shelter virtue from insidious foes;
In solemn, paus'd consult, they seem to rest,
And make earth blessed, as themselves are blest.
Ah! hear I not low-whisp'ring Angels move
'Mid the deep umbrage of the pensive grove?
What music dies so sweet o'er vocal hills,
'Mid torrents' falls, or murmurs in the rills,
While as on golden wings they wind their way
Sweet odours rise, aërial lustres play?

Adown the dale, near yonder woody hill,
Where frets its course the never-resting rill,
See that calm dwelling! what a bless'd retreat!
Well shelter'd, hospitable, simple, neat.
There in the thatch the chirping sparrow breeds,
The thatch with moss o'ergrown, and idle weeds;
The stranger swallow claims the chimney's reign,
And plaisters smooth his pensile clay domain:
There all their summer's life the restless brood
In airy circles hunt their insect food;
Sweep the smooth pool, or shoot the low-arch'd bridge,
Till Autumn calls them to the cottage ridge.
How blue the smoke across the woodland bends,
And looks domestic peace as it ascends!
With fondling arms the amorous woodbine creeps;
Snug 'mid its verdant bower the window peeps.
Delicious sense! what honied sweets abound,
When dew with vapoury jewels gems the ground!
Fresh-clad in light, rose-scattering morn upsprings,
And winnows fragrance from a thousand wings.
Hard by, a brimming well, of crystal clear,
Reflects the shining hart's-tongue nodding near.

Here never ray of sultry Sirius reigns,
Nor chill December binds in icy chains.
From the pure lymph reviv'd, the failing sight
Boasts organs heal'd, and renovated light;
And cred'lous Beauty, much by freckle pain'd,
No more laments her snowy whiteness stain'd;
While as she laves, from Hope's inspiring glow,
Fresh in her kindling cheek new roses blow.
Ah! sweet delusion! that in fancied bliss
Can dream the blessing truth is doom'd to miss.
How joys the woodman in this placid hour,
When the grey owl forsakes his haunted tow'r;
When sun-beams glance them upward, void of strength,
And mountain shadows spread their misty length;
How joys he now, all nature sleeping, still,
His cot to reach beneath that woodland hill,
Where from the trees his smoke ascending slow,
Scarce seems to climb amid ethereal glow:
And silence holds the solitary vale,
Charm'd by the throstle's loudly echoing tale,
Shrill as he chants his hymn to parting light,
And serenades the slow approaching night.

Around the lonely door, not made for state,
No suitor fawns, no pamper'd menials wait;
Where, if it deign to enter, Pride must bow,
The door for cringing Flattery e'en too low:
Where the nail'd horse-shoe saves from demons fell,
From wither'd hags, and all the spite of hell.
For much, 'tis said, ere that sure charm was tried,
The harmless family did ills betide:
The timorous matron trembles to relate
The harms they felt from witchcraft's constant hate;
How bluer burnt the candle's quivering flame;
Convulsions shook their infants tender frame;
Their kine were milkless, and their steeds were lame.
Within simplicity and order reign,
And household splendour innocently vain;
Proud of the polish'd face, a shining show,
The well rang'd vessels glitter in a row;
The nice swept hearth the inverted urn receives,
By embers close embrac'd, and arid leaves.
Amid the sparkling mass, enclos'd awhile,
Concocted brown, see cheerful Ceres smile!

The settle form'd for frail loquacious age,
The rest of life's declining pilgrimage,
Where, as the hour-glass wastes its sand away,
It museful sits and counts its own decay,
And tells how swift the days of pleasure flew,
And sighing, owns them evil now and few.
There, when with lingering hours dull Winter creeps,
The chimneys blaze, the crackling faggot weeps,
And converse gladdens with the rustic jest,
Or long-wound story of the welcom'd guest;
Each loth to hear, each willing to be heard,
Eager impatience claims to be prefer'd.
Oft interruption breaks the tedious tale,
While frequent healths exhaust the froth-crown'd ale.
The officious wife, surcharg'd with household cares,
Her cauldron tortures, and her feast prepares;
Or rails her infants, noisy in their mirth,
Or snappish curs, that bask them on the hearth.
The unwieldy bellows while some urchin plies
To nourish flame, who impotently vies,
The purring cat demure, with whisker'd grace,
Prophetically scours her velvet face.

In smoke, for aye involv'd, plethoric, dense,
The marbled Gammon spreads his form immense.
The racks above a store of arms sustain,
Guiltless of human blood that e'er remain.
Would all so stood! best cloth'd in harmless rust;
And well they might, were men but wise or just.
For what to feuds and slaughter give pretence?
The want of honesty and common sense.
So commonwealths, so mighty kingdoms fall,
And wicked lust of empire ruins all.
Of moveless length the massive table stands,
That smokes with treats when Harvest crowns the lands.
The wall around, in ill-concording strains,
The quaint-fram'd ballad lamentably plains,
Of Chevy-Chace, of Shore deny'd her food,
The wand'ring Jew, the Children in the Wood:
And there king George and Charlotte, much-lov'd pair,
In paint and plaster, all bedizen'd glare.
A daughter too they own, their darling care,
Meek as the daisy, innocent and fair,
Which in the meadow, from its grassy bed,
Smiles to the morn, just tipt with modest red.

A youth sits by, and fondly presses near,
And murmurs whispers in her cautious ear:
She bashful chides, disdainful to be teas'd,
Though tell-tale eyes bespeak her not displeas'd;
Eyes soft as silver on the turtle's wing,
Sweet as the sun-shine of the early spring;
Sweet as the vernal moon's nocturnal beam,
Sweet as the day-shine sparkling on the stream.
The watchful mother turns her anxious eye,
And frowns, if aught too bold she chance to spy:
She favours virtuous love, yet warns the youth
Ne'er to betray such purity, such truth.
She thanks kind Heav'n her race ne'er knew a stain,
Ne'er sold their honour for the hope of gain;
And ere such day had rather beg her bread,
Or see her darling number'd with the dead.
Hail, holy Virtue! hail! for thou canst raise
The lowliest far above all earthly praise!
And better 'tis beneath the humblest shed
To break in peace with thee our daily bread
Than court the vile, the parasitic crowd
Of state, and wealth ill-gotten, meanly proud.

There, where the noisy Mill the ear astounds,
And in her dark groves Solitude confounds,
Broke o'er the restless wheel, whose show'ry spray
In imitative rainbows melts away,
The favour'd stripling toils, till restful eve
And favouring love his daily tasks relieve.
The happy group assembled close I see,
All innocence, all full of harmless glee.
The sire delighted views his children round
Crowd on the hearth, or sportive on the ground:
The younger, eager labouring, climbs the knee,
And clasps his neck in childish ecstasy;
While warm'd with transport of paternal bliss,
The raptur'd sire returns the ardent kiss.
Domestic Bliss! attracter of the soul!
To thee we turn, as needles to the pole:
Wherever banish'd, or where'er we roam,
The vagrant wish yet vibrates to its home.
Misled by flattering Hope, awhile may stray
The vain desires from Nature's tranquil way,
But in reflection's sober pause return,
For thee again we pant, for thee we burn.

For thee the tempest-beaten sailor sighs,
When horrid storms deform the angry skies;
Thy soothing ray, like some fair friendly star,
Cheers the mad frown of elemental war:
Vent'rous for thee he dares the faithless waste;
Exhausts a youth of toil, in hope to taste,
When life's wild storms exhaust their passing rage,
The sober calm of soft reposing age.
The Swiss too absent, if perchance he hear
His native music vibrate on his ear,
Soul-moving sounds, that to remembrance call
His babes, his wife, his friends, his little all;
His hut, rock-cradled 'mid the whirlwind's roar;
His bosom burns with martial fire no more:
In tears he melts, abhors the tented plain,
And seeks by stealth domestic joys again.
E'en the poor captive dove, convey'd away
To unknown realms of distant beaming day,
If by kind fate releas'd, through trackless skies,
On tireless pinions, all-impatient flies;
Sees o'er the convex world her well-known dome,
And pants through half the air to gain her home.

When banish'd first to school, the child forlorn,
From friendly arms and kind indulgence torn,
Sad views the reverend mansion's solemn gloom,
To him of social happiness the tomb;
Sad views the rigid master's scowling face,
The meanest tyrant of the tyrant race.
Apart he weeps, while bosom-bursting sighs
Swell his full heart, and streams o'erflow his eyes;
Pellucid o'er his cheeks of rosy hue,
As berries shine frost-crystalliz'd in dew.
Domestic bliss! to man divinely giv'n,
Thou mak'st the poorest hut on earth an heav'n.
Ah! happy all, from Fashion's tyrant schools,
Who far remov'd, dare follow Nature's rules.
Whene'er from pure simplicity we stray,
We miss of happiness the certain way.
For all the pride of life will not impart,
Of nature void, one joy to glad the heart.
Fashion, the child of Vanity, maintains
Despotic power o'er slaves in willing chains.
Her smiles betray the heart by anguish torn,
And every rose she gathers plants a thorn.

Fashion would cheat the Almighty of his plan!
And substitute the impious laws of man!
Hateful of solar light, turns night to day;
Hateful of truth, she shuns his searching ray.
We taste of art, we sigh, and we confess
That Truth and Virtue man alone can bless.
But thou, simplicity! Thou ne'er canst cloy!
Thou truest only source of genuine joy!
One draught of bliss that from thy fountain flows,
True unadulterated good bestows;
Pure as the stream from mountain's welling clear;
Sweet as the primrose of the youthful year;
And daubing, gaudy Art in vain shall try,
Thy unaffected colours to supply.
And thou, domestic Bliss, for e'er serene,
Canst smooth the tumults of each higher scene.
To cheer life's gloomy vale, the God of heaven
To human minds has kind affections given.
Pure sympathies that with a soft controul,
Reign in the heart, and sweetly tune the soul.
Where meek Docility prepares the breast,
There fix the soothing visitants their rest.

These guide our paths, those ever watch our bed,
And on our slumbers choicer blessings shed.
And Vice has ministers, the bane of life,
That fill its little round with endless strife;
Watchful to seize their hapless, heedless prey,
And cloud with care good humour's cheerful day.
Where chaste affections reign, those ne'er prevail,
Nor dare by open violence assail;
But on the soul o'erwhelm'd in sensual sleep,
With slow approach the insidious traitors creep.
If we relax, far from the hard'ning heart,
Our wakeful guards reluctantly depart.
And, as they slowly sail on ling'ring wing,
Quick on the breast the tiger passions spring!
Thus patient o'er its nest the anxious dove,
Sits in the deep recesses of the grove.
Robb'd of her care the timid trembler flies,
Wild terrors in each ruffled plume arise;
Fluttering she quits the violated seat,
And seeks afar some happier safe retreat.

These good affections forms external wear,
Speak in the eye, or sparkle in a tear;

Like morning beams, or blushing day's decline,
Sweet in an angel smile divinely shine;
Soft mantling o'er the ever-changing cheek,
In dimples play; in dumb expression speak;
And o'er the soul benignly as they steal,
All present heav'n within our breasts we feel.
Do angry passions vex our mental peace?
Calm Resignation bids the tempest cease.
And as Submission smooths the struggling will,
The troublous storm subsides, and all is still.
Around the throne of God these ever wait,
Attendant Ministers of human fate.
Their task, to raise low thoughts from this abode;
And fashion souls in likeness of their God.
By Prayer invok'd, they quit celestial space,
And shed on earth the dews of heav'nly grace.
Prayer breathes through realms of never-fading day,
While love and mercy point his bashful way;
Incense of broken hearts, ascends on high,
On the soft pinions of a melting sigh.
Through clouds of woe his darkling progress steers,
Though moist his wings with penitential tears,

But those at Heav'n's bright portal melt away,
Like nightly dews before the solar ray.
All transient grief dissolves in mercy's sight,
There all is gladness! All eternal light!

Here flourish'd Glycine, a blooming maid,
Within her breast all good Affections play'd;
The charming inmates with seraphic grace,
Spoke in her eye, and mantled in her face.
Her soul so sweetly tun'd, shed soft'ning rays,
Of tranquil bliss that gilded all her days.
But more to bless they fix'd her future fate,
To try the union of the wedded state;
To taste content, that man ne'er knows alone;
Affection claims a partner of its throne.

A sabbath came, and on that sacred day,
Combin'd they rul'd with more auspicious sway;
Content her features smooth'd, and in her smile
Play'd Innocence, unconscious of all guile.
Soft'ning the strong expression of her eye,
Perch'd on the fringed lid sat Modesty.
While o'er the cheek pure Chasteness shed,
Her delicately apprehensive red;

And Health his mountain breezes round her blew,
Thrice bath'd in roseate morning's earliest dew.
Then at the church in all these charms array'd,
And simple neatness shone the spotless maid.
Rais'd by the inspiring place pure ecstasy
Gave cherub lustre to her speaking eye.
And as she por'd intent upon the holy book,
Devotion aw'd, and hallow'd every look.

The young Morillio, chancing to repair
To the same church, beheld the virtuous fair.
At once, by sympathetic passion mov'd,
The maid he saw; was struck; he gaz'd, he lov'd.
The good Affections watchful o'er his soul,
The moment seiz'd to gain their blest control.
Morillio talents own'd, but idly gay,
In sloth had suffer'd life to glide away.
And thoughtless phantoms, as the youth pursu'd,
Distract; he had not leisure to be good.
Yet gracious Heaven in kind compassion gave
A sudden change, his useful days to save.
Now, first was taught Morillio to repent,
The waste of talent so benignly lent,

He lov'd; his love confess'd; yet had to mourn!
His unavailing love had found return!
Though ardent passion flaming dar'd aspire,
Fortune forbad young Hope to fan the fire!
Ah! now he pines, torn by heart-rending pain!
Ah! now he mourns the hours consum'd in vain!
Day shines on day, to him no longer bright,
And dark Despair now doubly shades each night!
Now taught by sorrow, friend of man to know,
The blessings toil and usefulness bestow.
Repentance all his grief to profit turns,
He still improves, and brightens as he mourns;
Vice yields, the love of industry succeeds,
And roots out all of sloth the poisonous weeds,
As follies lose their enervating power,
More cautious Care secures each fleeting hour:
As those no more torpedo-like assail,
Unbias'd thought and manly sense prevail:
Prosperity's bright sun his prospects gilds,
And Love consenting, constant pleasures yields;
Blest with the fair, he owns their sov'reign sway,
While Truth and Virtue crown each passing day.

'Mid those warm groves their splendid mansion stands,
And hospitably crowns the smiling lands:
In the green paddock spotted wanderers stray,
With branching antlers butt in amorous play;
Dart with light bound across the sunny glade,
The thicket burst, and vanish in the shade.
In freckled flocks the hoarse pintadoes run,
And vaunting peacocks emulate the sun.

In poets' fancy-dreams the rural bow'r
Is void of care, and blest each rural hour;
They boast there plenty ever dwells, and there
Each Strephon constant, and each Phillis fair;
And if perchance with love, their happy lot
Should fix them in some small sequester'd cot,
Be sure they feed on joys that ne'er decline,
They drink love's nectar, and on raptures dine.
But ah! where'er poor man shall hide his head,
Fast on his steps will certain Misery tread;
With giant pace his weary paths invade,
O'er opening bliss diffusing nights of shade.

See yonder hovel! mark the tottering roof!
Against no angry pelting tempest proof:

See through the broken pane, with visit rude,
Each wind familiarly dares intrude!
While hourly trembling in the crumbling wall,
Suspensive danger threats its instant fall.
Within the squalid family complain
Of lingering want and ever-during pain:
There to their rugged beds the hungry creep,
And try to lose their griefs in friendly sleep:
There, sad companions! dwell lean wasting Care,
Chill Penury, and hopeless, fix'd Despair.
Yet there some solitary joys are found,
With friendly balm to heal the gnawing wound.
There Love, not frighted from the sooty cell,
With wretchedness is still content to dwell;
Life's Charity, that smooths the wrinkled brow,
And gilds the gloom of all our pains below.
E'en Friendship there will not disdain to rest,
Nor Sleep, who loves to doze on Labour's breast.
See o'er her sleeping babe the mother bends,
The cradle rocks, and all its slumbers tends.
Ah! see how anxious love and tender fear
Fast from her lids distil the trembling tear;

Affection's tears, more worth than gems can own
That beauty deck, or glitter in a crown.
Thou cradled babe! how does my bosom beat,
To think what ills thy future paths await:
Pride on thy humble birth shall sternly frown,
And dark Oppression claim thee for his own,
And thou adversity e'er doom'd to taste,
A spring bud struggling in the wildest waste.
Yet one hope cheers; if Misery frown around,
Yet still with tender Care thy birth is crown'd:
Yet he who dooms to thorny paths thy birth
Shall yet give comfort on this dreary earth.
Amid this world of woe the gilded ray
Of cheerful Hope illumes the dreariest way:
The officious deeds of tender duty give
A cordial balm to keep that hope alive.
Wealth may buy slaves, but wealth cannot procure
What must be e'er unbought, if it be pure;
And though the sharpest pangs of ill we prove,
Life's bitter draught is sweet to all through love.

Oft have I wish'd the means would Fortune lend
To cheer distress, and live the poor man's friend;

As from a centre bid my bounties flow,
And circling spread as far as pow'r could go.
Then have I pictur'd wide diverging bliss,
Which not one hapless child of woe should miss;
Around the precincts of my small domain
No tears be shed, no voice of sorrow plain:
Comfort should crown the dwelling of the poor,
Hilarity should sport around the door;
Content should meet my steps where'er I came,
And Gratitude exulting hail my name.

Children of luxury! in bow'rs supine
Who vain in listless indolence recline,
Or deep in trait'rous goblets seek the cure
Of self-born ills, unlesson'd to endure;
Who grasp each passing phantom ere it goes;
Sick 'mid delight, and weary in repose;
While fickle Change her mazy dance pursues,
Trick'd in a thousand false and shifting hues;
Press'd in your hands, how Fancy's bubbles burst!
How speaks the rising sigh abundance curst!
Fantastic pain in Pleasure's lap is nurst!
Yet blame not Him who amply show'rs around
What miss'd by all, by all may yet be found.

'Tis in the eternal sun-shine of the breast
The coy, the charming stranger loves to rest.
A secret this above alchymic skill,
To rule our passions, and to mould our will;
To circumstance to bend the yielding mind,
And keep the idly-vagrant wish confin'd.
If few the talents Providence has lent,
To draw more sure supplies from plain content.
Then turn, thou child of luxury! and view
How hard the poor man's lot, his joys how few!
Here learn, if thou disdain'st not to be wise,
How vain our wants, how little may suffice!
All bliss consists in blessings understood:
Then bow, and thank the Giver of all good.

Ye vain! who pile the gross luxurious board,
Nor blush such wanton dainties to afford!
Whose lavish cost and studied arts invite
The zest of pall'd and sated appetite;
While pale Disease sits lurking there unseen,
And tort'ring Pain, and sullen moping Spleen;
The fiends in Luxury's looks their form disguise,
And in the sparkling goblet court our eyes;

At once, while there expence and waste appear,
Consuming all the comfort of an year:
Do ye ne'er dream of Poverty's sad train?
The widow's family who ever plain,
While hungry lamentation wounds her ears,
And she, alas! has nought to give save tears:
While prodigality your table spreads,
How many know not where to lay their heads!
Yes, oft I wish'd the means would fortune lend
To cheer distress, and live the poor man's friend.
Conscience approv'd:—but human hope how vain!
Soon would the foul destroyer, Vice, distain
Thy purer work, Benevolence, and blight
Thy Eden bloom, thy dawn of good benight.

Where yonder tawdry sign exalted swings,
Squeaks to each blast, whene'er the rough blast sings;
Where the rude artist sprucely has portray'd
The Royal Charles's mouth-distended shade,
With golden crown, and grove of curling wig,
Within the spare oak's thinly-treach'rous sprig;
Where Invitation stops the traveller's way,
By kindness proffer'd free to all who pay:

There the round hostess restless cares engage;
For ever hot with bustling or with rage:
Her purple cheeks the ruby fury dyes,
And squint suspicion fires her tiny eyes.
There the lewd sot profanes the Sabbath's rite,
And wastes the weekly labour in a night:
There uproar reigns, and never-ceasing strife;
Quell'd only by the injur'd scolding wife,
Who drags the soaker from his daily spot;
His toil, his pining family forgot.
There screaks the fiddle in discordant strains,
And tortur'd Music lamentably plains.
There lurks the village thief, the gipsey crew,
To share their spoils, and plan their crimes anew.
There the vile revel Innocence invites
To taste of low Debauchery's coarse delights:
Youth's first corrupter bids the stripling know,
And ruin'd virgin, pangs of guilty woe.
Thence, form'd by habit, issues forth a band
Of villain craft, to poison all the land.
Where those thick elms their rev'rend arms extend,
And with the ash their wedded shadows blend,

Excluding gaudy rays of thoughtless light,
There gloom and silence solemnly unite,
And with appropriate horrors dimly shed,
In ever-during twilight wrap the dead.
And there how picturesquely tall above
The moss-clad tow'r o'ertops the umbrageous grove;
While o'er its Gothic honours, hourly fed,
Their orange tints fantastic lichens spread.
Blest village! of some pious priest the care!
Your wants who knows to feel, your interests share;
Sweet from whose lips Persuasion melting steals,
Probes mental wounds, and as it probes them heals;
Whose well-known guileless heart, whose virtuous course
Give to each weighty word a tenfold force.
If to repentance harden'd Guilt he calls;
Abash'd and low the prostrate sinner falls.
Alarm'd, the solemn warning voice he hears;
And all obdurance melts in floods of tears.
Then o'er the cloud their beams of golden day,
Hope, joy, and mercy cast with soft'ning ray.
As cheering gleams the rainbow's graceful form,
And paints with milder hue the transient storm.

When bent to prayer, all catch the holy flame;
Awe bows the knee, and prostrates all the frame.
Contrition he awakes, well-skill'd to raise
The penitent, and lift the soul to praise:
And, as the bird of morn on soaring wing
Far from the dusky earth ascends to sing,
In music melts amid celestial glow,
So Adoration leaves the world below:
He opes the sacred Truth; the world forgot,
A breathless silence charms the holy spot:
To him, to God, the melted heart is giv'n,
And the blest hour commences instant heav'n.
Low whisp'ring angels stoop, and hover near,
While grace and peace breathe on the contrite ear.
The Prodigal, who through the treach'rous way
Of flower-clad guilt has long been wont to stray,
Forsakes the faithless paths, his faults retrieves,
And wonders at the joys that virtue gives.

Blest Sabbath, hail! thou day of earthly peace,
That bid'st awhile the poor man's labour cease!
All hail, kind harbinger of heav'nly rest!
Thou Wisdom's friend! thou balm of Sorrow's breast!

That giv'st the unpitied brute, by labour waste,
A periodic pause of pain to taste.
Then the meek ox, releas'd from patient toil,
May press the turf, or crop the flow'ry soil;
And the lean ass, with blows and sorrow worn,
May saunt'ring pace the green-hedg'd lane forlorn;
Though still with slavery's badge his loaded feet
Drag galling chains along his wild retreat,
Alone the thistle's scanty luxury crowns
The respite that from cruel man he owns.
Thou picturesque, thou emblematic brute!
Whose rugged fare thy rugged habits suit!
Contented as thou crop'st the casual weeds,
I never view thee but this bosom bleeds
For man's ingratitude; the monster blind
That steels the heart; worst sin of human kind.
And thou, poor brute! who feel'st the cruel blow,
Sharest the stripes we give fraternal woe.
Fain would this hand bestow thee better fare,
And mild indulgence sooth thee with kind care;
Fain would I give thy rough coat polish'd grace,
And raise some gladness in thy patient face.

Hail, holy day! thy pious sons I view
With cheerful looks attend thy duties due,
As to the church they bend in neat attire,
Where o'er yon trees peeps out the tapering spire;
Where bells with solemn music charm the gale,
While mimic echoes run around the vale.
Your cheerful looks bespeak the heart at rest,
Elate with joys that swell the faithful breast
Above this world; above the sceptic pride
That bids the philosophic wit deride;
Who wakes the cruel doubt with scrupulous art,
But leaves a void within the aching heart.
Ah, yes! your smiles are more than smiles of earth,
And from celestial hope confess their birth.

Her elfin race, the cottage fire beside,
The careful grandam calls at even-tide;
The Bible book she spreads, and holy grace
Smooths down awhile the wrinkles of her face;
And smiling Hope and stedfast Faith inspire,
And Joy shoots forth his momentary fire.
Of martyr'd saints and future bliss she reads;
Of wond'rous miracles and godly deeds.

The youthful list'ners catch the holy flame,
And frequent bow at Jesus' sacred name.
She warns them oft, "Be good, and full of grace,
"And love your Church, and shun the wicked race."
Who slowly bends across yon path-worn mead?
An oaken staff supports his pensive tread:
The vet'ran Clerk, now past the age fourscore,
Who holds the place he held in days of yore,
Still fills the seat worn-down by wasteful time,
Since first he tun'd his voice to Sternhold's rhyme.
Constant as tuneful bells the pious soul invite
To meet the expected Seventh Day's holy rite;
On the full gale, when sanctifying Sound
Flings her far-echoing melody around,
Then see the never-failing man sedate,
And spruce in all the Sunday's glossy state,
Erect his gait, his well-pois'd staff in hand,
Less for support than rev'rence to command.
Each passing year has silver tokens shed,
And Time snow'd winter on his hoary head.
Health in his ruddy cheek, his brow unbent,
His eye complacence, and his smile content,

Complacence all unknown to guilty fear,
That speaks the guileless mind, the conscience clear;
Behold him studious then, with patient care,
The sacred Bible's daily harms repair!
He smooths each restive leaf, to curling prone,
From curling ears, smooth'd by his hand alone.
Historian he of generations gone,
Who proudly once in transient splendour shone,
Or sunk opprest by Poverty's hard lot;
Alike now equal, and alike forgot:
Vain insects, glittering fair through life's brief day
Upon the stream that glided fast away.
Oft as he muses in the church-yard gloom,
Where mocking Pride has rais'd the sumptuous tomb,
Or humble Sculpture saves our short-liv'd date,
He spells the mournful chronicles of Fate.
Then will he spin the never-ending tale,
Till dull Attention sleeps, and hearers fail.
When Memory swells of self-transactions vain,
He measures o'er the days of youth again;
With consequence erect, and mien sedate,
In all the pride of narrative elate;

BRITISH
9 MR 95
MUSEUM

"—There he sits, a Patriarch in retreat,

Book 1st Page 51.

London published by Murray & Son [illegible] 1800

What miser robb'd himself to swell his store;
What good old lady cloth'd and fed the poor.
Once could he tune the note of solemn praise;
Once boast the soul of melody to raise;
But feeble now, alas! his voice, and shrill,
Denies to aid its master's far-fam'd skill.
The good man proudly owns a native cot;
Yon spreading elms mark out the peaceful spot.
There on the heath-clad common's sloping side,
Where Culture's toilsome cares the lands divide.
'Tis his, from honest ancestry deriv'd;
For there he boasts his grandsire's grandsire liv'd.
There on a seat long-form'd in ancient days,
He oft reclines; his small domain surveys;
When winter's noontide suns the short-liv'd hour,
Or evening leisure softens summer's power,
There sits he oft, a Patriarch in retreat,
The while his dog is basking in the heat;
From broken slumbers starting at the fly
That flits, like human triflers, heedless by.
—Now Twilight slowly o'er the landscape steals,
And solemn Gloom each fading shape conceals.

Now circling air, with swift, but silent flight,
The wheeling bat flits forth to meet the night.
A browner shade enwraps the village green.
Far-streaming from the cottage window seen
The candle's ray denotes the labourer's rest,
Or frugal meal, enjoy'd with perfect zest.
Still o'er the sky a partial glow remains,
Still faintly lingers on the glimmering plains.
To Fancy's eye new groves, new cots arise,
And unknown hills and dales, and fields, surprise.
And ceas'd are all the sounds of village glee,
Late sportive round the fav'rite antique tree.
Dead silence all! that treach'rously betrays
The foot of him that night-o'ertaken strays.
A busy, ceaseless hum the ear invades
Of unseen beings, murm'ring in the shades;
While sullenly the drowsy beetle sings,
Air flutters with innumerable wings.
The feather'd moths, amid the darkling groves,
Lit by the glow-worm, court their little loves:
The rustling leaf their frequent flight betrays,
As busily they buz around the sprays.

With hardy teeth at his voracious meal,
I hear distinctly work the varnish'd snail.
Now the blind Night, enwrap'd in gloom profound,
Opes all her hundred ears to catch each sound
That feebly trembles o'er the sleepy air;
The drop of sickly leaves, soft-falling, rare;
The chirp half-murmur'd by the dreaming bird,
'Mid green boughs by his nestling partner stir'd;
The ineffectual gale's scarce utter'd sighs,
That hush'd by silence, tries in vain to rise.
Confounded Colour sinks upon the plain,
And growing Darkness spreads her rayless reign.

THE

SUMMER'S EVE.

PART II.

.... ορωρει δ' ερανοθεν νυξ. Hom. Od.

Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera: nullum
Sceva caput Proserpina fugit. Hor.

THE

SUMMER'S EVE.

PART II.

YET, all-confounding darkness deepens more,
Whilst I, a pensive wand'rer, still explore
The thick'ning shades, and court the friendly hour,
While Contemplation holds each mental pow'r.
But lo! what glorious burst the hills above,
With feathery silver tips the misty grove!
Serene, and full, the Orb of Night ascends;
A train of visions on her path attends;
And, as her tremulous lustres silent roll,
They shed celestial calmness o'er my soul.
This church-yard's awful gloom! these shadows deep!
Where Silence reigns around, and sacred Sleep,
Befit my thoughtful soul, congenial made,
To solemn musing, and to midnight shade.

No busy foot now Echo tells to tread
Across the hollow vaults that hold the dead:
Alone the owl keeps converse with the night,
And moans discordant to the placid light.
The Gothic Church expands the massy door:
Yon orb my guide, the dark dome I explore.

Beneath these cloisters pale, these rev'rend aisles,
This hoary fane, these monumental piles,
What stillness deep! what reverential dread!
As musing Meditation seeks the dead:
Seeks wisdom, spreading from th' instructive tomb,
The letter'd page of universal doom;
The tales of gen'ral woe, of transient strife,
Of all that glads, or all that saddens life,
Now sunk to stillness, and to rest consign'd,
While shades of mem'ry linger yet behind.
Here, here alike the blest, the wretched rest,
The stern oppressor, and the poor opprest;
One fate receives, one fate confounds them all;
For here alike the great, the lowly fall:
Feeling survives, and ah! survives to mourn,
Drops o'er the tomb of love, or friendship's urn;

Here steals unseen the sacred tear to shed
For Sadness, slumb'ring on her quiet bed.
Life, life laments the wounds that never heal;
The grave, th' unconscious grave, knows not to feel:
The sumptuous tombs of pride that shine around,
The humbler turf-built graves upon the ground,
Display how vain to snatch from tyrant Death
The transient mem'ry of our fleeting breath.
In vain may Sculpture's mimic art aspire
To animate the stone with living fire;
In vain the pomp of monumental fame
To save the too, too perishable name;
In vain the arts of flatt'ry and the great
The common leveller Death conspire to cheat;
For ere the crumbling monuments decay,
They want an hand the lapse of waste to stay,
A friend the tottering fabric to repair,
Once rais'd by lavish cost and partial care.
Poor, poor indeed wert thou, O Hope! if Fame
Had not eternal rolls for Virtue's name.
And thou too, Poverty! despis'd by man,
Still aim'st to stretch life's far too fleeting span:

To thee a short-liv'd stone Affection rears,
Drops o'er thy grassy grave some pious tears;
And genuine Love too haunts the sacred spot,
Hallows the turf, lest friendship be forgot:
Yet blush not thou, tho' odious Pride may scorn,
Contemn thee living, mock thee from the urn:
Exulting Cost beside thy grave may raise
Delusive records of its venal praise;
Thy worth is notic'd by the all-seeing Eye,
And all thy good deeds register'd on high:
Thou shinest, like the Cereus, fair in gloom,
That spreads to midnight stars its lovely bloom.

Fair o'er the fretted roof her mellow light
Diffuses pale the silver Queen of Night;
Each dewy marble gilds with milder ray
The mimic beam of far-departed day,
That o'er the deep'ning horrors softly steals,
To Fancy's eye each vision faint reveals;
Congenial lustre yields, that suits full well
Where holy thought and solemn silence dwell.

Here let me pause;—recall what once was known,
The scenes I shar'd, the scenes, alas! now flown;

Each image wake from death's unconscious shore,
Sigh o'er the faded joys that glad no more;
All sunk with night and long forgotten pain
In undistinguishing Oblivion's reign.
Again, again the seeming visions rise,
And glide distinct before my mental eyes:
But ah! how pale! how chang'd from what they were!
How shrunk by time! how worn by years of care!
No more o'er Rapture's cheek the glowing light
Of purple Spring awakes each young delight;
How faint on Fancy's ear th' enchanting voice,
That rudeness sooth'd, and bade the sad rejoice!
Are these the joys that tun'd th' ecstatic soul,
O'er sense and vanquish'd reason held controul?
Shadows they were; and ah! too plain I see,
Chang'd as they are, as great a change in me!
When all was gay, and all elated youth,
The gilded bubbles shone with specious truth;
But sober reason breaks the splendid cheat,
To every vain delusion gives defeat;
Its tinsel gloss detects, its airy glow,
And proves the rainbow but a painted shew.

As temper moves, we moving objects find;
All pleasure takes its colour from the mind.
In vain on cheerless black the sun shall shine,
And sullen grief will e'en at light repine.
Thus on the bosom of the summer lake,
When weary ev'ning gales no longer wake,
Light beams above, and answ'ring light below,
And drest in borrow'd smiles, the gay waves glow!
But should its face some ruffling blast deform,
It owns the change, and frowns with ev'ry storm.
And ah! what mean these pangs? why droops my soul?
Why o'er my cheeks these drops of sorrow roll,
While passion swells, and struggling seeks relief
In all the sacred solitude of grief?
Ah! not for parted love in early years
Throbs this full breast, or flow these scalding tears;
Ah! not for sober friendship's chasten'd flame
Beats this quick pulse, or pants this trembling frame.
Pain'd recollection, in this awful place,
The parents loss dejected sighs to trace;
By cruel fate one sudden snatch'd away,
And one the victim sad of slow decay.

Still, still methinks endearments past I view
That nurst the child, and yet in mankind grew;
Still see th' approving smile, the anxious look,
Which fondness beam'd, or fear parental spoke;
Still see the kindness of the partial eye
My errors gloss, my merits magnify:
Bent o'er the couch of sickness, still behold
Maternal aid the healing med'cine hold;
Watch ev'ry change with ever wakeful care,
And Heaven weary with incessant prayer:
Still see the father's sweet benignant mind
Meek in his eye, indulgent, ever kind.
Peace to your shades! in peace at length ye rest!
For shall dull earthly cares e'er reach the blest?
And if condemn'd affliction here to know,
Affliction, visitant of all below,
Filial ingratitude ne'er broke your rest,
Ne'er fix'd one arrow in the cureless breast;
Ne'er in the nightly pillow plac'd a thorn,
Or made the sleepless eye repine at morn.
Some sweets, perhaps, my labours might prepare
To medicate the cup of dark despair;

To glad of weary life the ev'ning hour;
Dress for declining years the shady bow'r;
With flow'rs spontaneous strew the dreary way,
And the first fruits of thankfulness repay.
Oh! be a father's cares in bliss forgot;
If not his virtues, not his pains my lot.
To thee, domestic friend, of faith long try'd,
Whose worth a second parent's care supply'd,
Ah! let not greatness scorn, if mem'ry pay
A grateful tribute in the tender lay.
In life's more silent vale fair Virtue's train
To walk with lowliness will ne'er disdain:
For half our bliss,—blush not, ye sons of Pride!
On humbler breasts must haughty man confide.
Enough! no more from gen'ral sadness here
Let private woe engross the selfish tear.
Shall chill self-love another's grief deny
The cheap, the pleasing tribute of a sigh?
The wretch for whom no bosom bleeds below,
Still fondly hopes the future tear will flow,
And what compassion ne'er, when living, gave,
Yet hopes to meet within the juster grave;

The grave, that bids the tongue of Envy cease,
And softens storms of party into peace.
When Civil Rage triumphant o'er a land,
Of ruffian passions leads a furious band,
Or private malice in the humbler vale
Nips modest Truth with Slander's icy gale,
With this consolatory hope elate,
Calm injur'd Innocence submits to fate;
With breast undaunted meets th' oppressor's doom,
And waits impartial justice from the tomb.
With whispers calm of unstain'd conscience blest,
Firm More beneath the fatal stroke could jest;
Undaunted Sidney, from a venal state,
Bow'd to the sentence of illegal fate:
The very shades of Death may Guilt confound,
But never Death's worst sting can Virtue wound.
Ah! long, too long has Death prolong'd his reign,
And all the cruel family of Pain!
Not thirsty steel alone has thin'd the world,
Or man his artificial thunder hurl'd;
Death's far more fatal minister, Disease,
Glares in a thousand shapes, or latent preys:

Exhausted Plenty, smote by Famine's eye,
Weeps low on earth, while all her children die:
O'er Nature's lap, in many a crimson flood,
Have torrents blush'd of shameful brothers' blood;
Too long the scalding drops of Grief have rain'd,
The wife's, the virgin's fading roses stain'd:
Too long has Fame with pestilential breath
Spread the still growing tales of endless death;
In vain the cheerful Day, with laughing eye,
Pour'd streams of gladness o'er the waking sky;
In vain has Light his golden eyelids spread,
While fair Creation lifts her smiling head:
No more in darkness cloth'd, and fit array,
Has wilful Murder sought his sleeping prey;
The shameless fiend his open deeds has done,
And woe's eclipse has veil'd th' all-cheering sun:
Dark sits despair on Friendship's sadden'd face,
And mourning weeds bring gloom in ev'ry place.
In all the steps of joy fell woes advance,
Frown round the festive board, and shade the dance.
Robb'd of its splendour, mourns the banquet room,
And sad assemblies wear funereal gloom:

Pants ev'ry breast, and sympathetic woe
Meets in each eye, and clouds each answ'ring brow.
Full on the trembling lip big drops complain,
And speak the child, the husband, lover, slain:
The cruel fate of friends in distant shores,
Of dearest friends, distracted grief deplores;
In silence sunk, without one tender tear
To soften sickness, or to grace the bier;
Whose closing sight in vain, in foreign lands,
One parting look, one friendly arm demands:
There all by selfish pain or fear deprest,
Can ill supply a balm for other's breast.
In sickly isles, beyond th' Atlantic waste,
What thousands down to death inglorious haste!
There Fever with insatiate fury feeds,
In ev'ry breeze there foul infection breeds;
There e'en the few whom fate is pleas'd to save
Scarce steal an hour to dig the victim's grave;
Dawns a new day, and kind inquirers find
The sprightly friend of eve to death consign'd,
And mantled night, in sorrow's dark array,
Mourns the waste desolation of the day.

Convivial friends appoint the festive hour,
And half assembled, mourn Death's rapid pow'r:
Dread apprehension checks their rising joy,
And seems to ask whom fate may next destroy.
Day steals on day, and ills on ills increase,
The work of fate is never known to cease;
Sad tidings every troubled ear assail,
And groans with double horror load each gale;
And wasting thousands sink without a name,
Unwept by living eyes, unsung by fame.
Come, gentle Peace! from realms of endless rest,
Bid the vex'd earth like thy own heav'n be blest:
O give to panting millions balmy bliss,
And greet fair Nature with a friendly kiss!
Celestial pow'r! once more thy influence lend;
Again with healing on thy wings descend:
Bid wasteful War his furious ravage cease,
And Plenty glad, and ev'ry joy increase:
O bid deploring nations cease to mourn,
And guilty swords to smiling ploughshares turn.
Come then, kind pow'r, and in thy fruitful train
Bid arts and heav'n-born science smile again;

Soft in thy steps the breeze of health shall play,
And new creation hail the raptur'd day.
What awful silence chills me as I tread!
How breathes instruction from the speechless dead!
While all around looks desolately still,
What trains of busy thought my fancy fill!
The graves how close! the tombs how thick they lie!
Oh! when shall Death himself be taught to die?
Still his unerring shaft for ever flies;
Insatiate, daily asks for new supplies:
By open blow or stealthful foot invades
The crowded mart, or leisure's silent shades:
Now drest in sable, now in gaudy plumes,
A thousand shapes, a thousand wiles assumes.
Or does the ruby goblet sparkling smile?
Fate slily lurks within the purple guile.
If the glad feast fantastic taste invite,
Death spreads luxuriously the false delight.
Not ever he the tempest's wing bestrides,
Or on the ebon car of darkness rides;
Or on the pestilence, with livid wings,
Contagious blasts o'er blooming Nature flings;

Not ever gleaming on the sharpen'd sword
Of war, by just humanity abhor'd;
E'en the poor red-breast, shud'ring at the wind,
When the foul blast of winter smites unkind,
Too early trusting to the treach'rous gale,
Soon fades the blossom of spring-haunted dale;
E'en 'mid the festive glee or sprightly dance,
The hollow traitor shakes his viewless lance;
Beneath all flow'ry fragrance lurks unseen,
Eats in the bud, and saps the mantling green;
And where the loaded fruitage laughing bends,
In many a tempting smile the foe depends;
Or artifice he strikes, or virgin truth,
Life-loving age, or unsuspicious youth:
The rose he culls from out its early bed,
And wreathes a chaplet for his ghastly head.
How frisks the lamb across the flow'ry mead!
Ah! who but sighs to think the lamb must bleed?
In vain his guileless looks, his youth, intreat;
In vain pleads Pity in his plaintive bleat:
Though man, obdurate man, may kindly spare,
Yet foul contagion loads the livid air.

Nor can the cradled babe's celestial smile
The stern fixt doom of certain fate beguile,
Or gain the respite of a passing hour
Of that unmov'd, that unrelenting pow'r.
We breathe, look round, and yield our borrow'd breath;
E'en heav'n-born Virtue must submit to Death.
While treach'rous Nature saps with danger rife,
What num'rous ills await our little life!
'Gainst man the hostile elements conspire,
The impoison'd air, the wide devouring fire;
The gasping earth, the fluid wave consume;
Man in all nature finds a greedy tomb.
Caution in vain, or med'cine's arts secure,
While Death's too fatal aim is ever sure.
What ills await diseases baleful train!
How num'rous all the family of Pain!
See slow consumption waste the ling'ring hour,
In secret gnaws youth's fair expanding flow'r:
In vain each cheerful season joy supplies,
And softness melts in vain the tepid skies:
Decline, meantime, with slow pace sinks away,
Still fades the damask bud, an insect's prey!

So on the bank of rich empurpled Spring,
Where plumes the infant Dawn his spangled wing,
'Mid vernal sweets the venom'd viper breeds,
Gains fatal strength, and treacherously feeds.
So lifts resplendent morn its golden eye,
So lights with early smile the orient sky;
But soon clouds roll, and mute is ev'ry spray,
And all delightless wastes the dark'ning day.
Then o'er the patient suff'rer false disease
Mocks baffled art, and e'er denies him ease;
Fix'd colour never sportive o'er the cheeks
With blush defin'd, consuming Hectic speaks.
So sunk my friend, in yonder grave to sleep!
I wept his fate, and yet am left to weep.
Sad on his couch the suff'ring youth declin'd,
And in delusive flatt'ry hourly pin'd;
For still deceit a long perspective spread,
Vain Hope's false visionary ardour fed.
I saw the parent fond, the mourning friend,
In mute and melancholy musing bend:
More as he sunk, on Hope he more rely'd,
And in a dream of fond delusion dy'd.

Ah! blest delusion! aid of piteous Heav'n,
To balm the dart of Death thus kindly giv'n.
Above all nymphs the fair Melissa shone,
Sweet as Spring's bud, and, ah! as quickly gone:
Health thron'd her cheeks, and ev'ry youthful grace
With gay good humour dimpled in her face;
Soft as the hyacinth's pure modest red,
That sweetly blushes o'er its pendent head,
When by the dewy hand of Morn array'd;
So soft, so pure her virgin colour play'd:
Delight shone smiling through her speaking eyes,
Radiant as planets gilding evening skies.
Each youth with emulative ardour vied,
And age that saw, for second ardour sigh'd:
Her sprightliness with native ease combin'd,
Playful as gossamers on Summer's wind,
Or zephyrs sportive on the trem'lous stream,
Or Fancy's tissue in the lover's dream.
At eve she smil'd: next morn the passing bell
Smote ev'ry heart, and toll'd her parting knell.
That soul of gaiety and harmless mirth
Forgot to charm, and sunk to lifeless earth:

A mortal shroud enwrap'd that heav'nly form,
And all those faded beauties fed the worm.
Clos'd are those brilliant orbs, where play'd delight,
For ever, ever clos'd in shadowy night!
No more mild beaming as the opening day,
Their lambent light shall innocently play.
I knew her once, and the pale moon-light beam
Silv'ring her tomb, recalls the painful theme.
I saw the scene, the friends incessant weep,
Invoke the dull, the senseless ear of Sleep;
I saw the streaming fountains of the eye
A never-ceasing flood of tears supply:
With clam'rous woe the mournful dome resounds,
And frantic grief the hurry'd house confounds;
With some fixt stupor, still severer pain,
Forbids the wretch's pleasure to complain:
I saw the grief-worn family around
In pensive sadness eye the vacant ground;
Nor dares the timid lid its curtain raise
To meet a fellow-mourner's woe-struck gaze:
Silent, profound, each ill-feign'd art they try
To check the falling tear, the rising sigh,

Till pregnant, full, and eloquent of grief,
The long-imprison'd sob demands relief;
Then answ'ring all at once, without controul,
Pour unrestrain'd the agony of soul.
On their last bed, and all in virgin white,
Clos'd the wan eye, prepar'd each latest rite,
The shrouded limbs with decent care they place,
And with a last kiss press the lifeless face.
Behold the pallid corpse, in fun'ral dress,
Yet the sweet temper of the soul express!
Sweet on the lips the smile of parting peace
Remains, and bids their fruitless sorrow cease;
Still beauty stays, and with instructive awe
Bids musing thought the useful moral draw.
How pale the lily hands! and, ah! how cold!
The emblematic flow'rs they stiffly hold,
That mocking human pride, thus seem to say,
"Like us life blooms, and wastes like us away."
For ever then within the coffin's lid
Is beauty's loveliest, brightest vision hid:
The lid is clos'd, and in its darksome womb
The solemn hearse conveys her to the tomb:

The plumes, in seeming sympathy of woe,
Pendently nodding as they slowly go,
While the harsh rumbling wheel with hollow moan
In unison of sorrow seems to groan.
E'en mercenary mourners learn to shed
An unbought tear, and truly weep the dead.
Through the long church-yard path, dejected, slow,
Behold the weeping mute procession go!
In vesture white the holy priest precedes,
The frequent sigh his sacred task impedes.
What breast so hard, what face refrains to mourn,
When "earth to earth, and dust to dust return,"
With solemn voice the minister of God
Exclaims; and to its last and long abode
The corpse commits! An awful pause prevails,
Till grief redoubled with new force assails,
The close of life's short tale as thus they see,
What she is now, and what they all must be.

Life like an ever-green progressive spreads,
Renews its buds; its fading honours sheds:
Now bursts a leaf with youthful verdure gay,
Now sick with age, the yellow race decay:

Time feeds their growth, and Time destroys them all;
The leaves are men, just born to bloom and fall.
Yet why should length of days to some be giv'n?
Why some curtail'd by just, impartial Heav'n?
Why some long flourish like the monarch oak,
Like tender plants, some feel the tempest's stroke?
Complain not, man, but know thy Maker just,
And thou a blind mole, grov'ling in the dust:
At once Time's embrios burst before his eye,
At once the past and future open lie:
He marks the whole, and in the peaceful grave
From ills, by him foreseen, is pleas'd to save.
Unripen'd virtue oft he leaves to grow
And teach the world perfection here below.
Melissa snatch'd from a few days of pain,
Finds in unfading bliss eternal gain:
A sister lives, and souls her lessons win,
Enlarge the good, and check the reign of sin.
Of all the busy paths of life who tread,
How few can buy renown! how few when dead
E'er leave a trace of mem'ry here behind!
Ah! man's frail breath is but a passing wind;

The greater part like sparks that upward fly,
A moment glitter, in a moment die:
Few on the blazon'd rolls of golden Fame
Resplendent shine, and claim a deathless name:
Ephemerons o'er Time's swift stream they fly,
Sport on the wave, or flutter in the sky,
Then meanly sink from whence they rose, to rot;
Pride, beauty, honour, all at once forgot!
E'en Virtue's self, that fairest fragrant flow'r,
Has but to bloom, and charm a little hour.

Of those with me who trod life's early vale,
Hail'd light's first beams, and breath'd its morning gale,
In all the verdant paths of joyous youth,
Ere error's mists were yet dispell'd by truth,
How many now, alas! I hail no more!
Their sun soon set, their busy days soon o'er!
Of mortal hope we gain the lofty brow;
But ah! how chang'd the prospect from below!
Still spreads the scene beneath the op'ning skies,
New prospects glitter, and new objects rise!
But Death's tumultuous torrent rolls between,
Forbids our steps, and parts the gaudy scene.

Friends of my youth! who were no longer found
Ere half of life had run its busy round;
Left in this vale of tears, I drop for you,
From the full heart, compassion's softest dew:
Too full though sorrow's baleful waters glide,
Yet must I aid the sympathetic tide.
I saw ye warm with all of Fancy's fires,
With all that health or ardent youth inspires;
Strong as the new-fledg'd eagle, child of Spring,
I saw ye gaily plume the lusty wing,
Then upward rush, with new-born vigour gay,
To chase light pleasure through the realms of day.
Soon, soon ye vanish'd, like the morning shade,
Or evening clouds, in shifting hues array'd,
And stole the rays of gladness from my mind,
A loit'ring, weary trav'ler, left behind;
Left in the vale of tears, unfit to go
To search eternal bliss through ways of woe.
Friends of my youth, perhaps now hov'ring near,
Your gentle spirits whisper in my ear
Some heav'n-born sounds, and all my paths attend,
My errors lessen, and my steps befriend.

Still grant your aid, and more as years increase
Smooth all my transient storms with evening peace.

Ah, happy days! your visions now are flown;
Ah! never, never will ye more be known:
Ah, Time! how much your fatal shafts destroy!
Within a little moment, kill of joy!
And will no more those scenes of bliss return?
Nor shall this breast with equal rapture burn?
Ah, no! if the same joys return again,
They flag their loaded wings with gather'd pain.
To-morrow's sun may shed its wak'ning light,
Call nature into life with beams as bright;
But ere it dawns some friend may be no more,
And we its new effulgence may deplore.
New pleasures with new circling years attend,
But nearer to the grave with each we bend.
Should then the same rich joys again appear,
The same kind aspect they can never wear;
Reflected weaker as reflected light,
And less as secondary rainbows bright.
'Tis wisdom's part to prize each fleeting hour,
And wisely use the bliss within our pow'r.

And shall these failing eyes no more behold
The morning mountain tipt with orient gold?
The rising orb of day ascending high,
Beam young effulgence o'er the gladden'd sky?
Or o'er the noon his burning radiance throw,
Burst through the groves, and in the waters glow?
See Eve, with crimson vesture slow unfurl'd,
Sail softly gradual o'er the fading world?
No more with ecstasy of fond delight
Drink the rich visions of enchanted sight?
No more Night's splendid concave scene survey,
When her pale orb diffuses milder day?
Ah, yes! th' unconscious beam will dawn as bright
When I no more can hail the glorious light,
And that glad ray my senseless grave shall gild
That can to me no more its splendour yield.
Yet if these raptur'd eyes no more survey
The passing glories of terrestrial day,
One hope sustains, the hope of heav'nly love,
Of glories more transcendent far above.
Can we these universal wonders view,
And not expect these raptures to renew

In future scenes? O yes! that hand shall still
New wonders work, which shews us here such skill.
All this shall fade; but yet the dreary tomb
Shall lead to Edens of unfading bloom:
Earth's music change to a celestial choir,
And heav'nly harps beatic praise inspire.
This scene shall fade; but from this dull abode
Each future step shall lead the nearer God.
That orb of light may like a spark expire,
But what shall quench the spark of mental fire?
No! when the Sun itself shall fade away,
Still shall the Soul be light with quenchless day.
And ah! how blest the hope! these lines may live
When I no more or grief or pain can give.
And should the labours of my humble Muse
Encourage goodness, when the good peruse;
Or o'er the vicious cheek confusion flush,
And teach the harden'd front of guilt to blush;
Departed minds if human cares employ,
My earthly toils may aid celestial joy.
Now let me pause;—my crowding thoughts review:
If life be frail, if all our joys be few,

Shall man his Máker's Providence arraign,
When man creates the more than half his pain?
Who gives the wanton passions room to play,
Sinks their low slave, and courts their tyrant sway?
Man, man to lawless passion yields his soul,
Exhausts to dregs of vice the pois'nous bowl.
Who arms the hand of Death? Why man, fond man,
He courts of loath'd disease the spectres wan;
He arms his murd'rer; points the very dart
That thus, self-sharpen'd, strikes him to the heart.
I see the horrid troops; forms hideous rise,
Harrow my soul, and glare upon my eyes.
And lo! the dismal realms of Death expand!
How deep the horrors of that dreary land!
With fearful step, and trembling as I tread,
Starts silence from its everlasting bed.
There gloomy sepulchres are rooms of state,
Where dwell the awful ministers of fate.
There never shines the world-reviving ray,
But ever-during darkness damps the day;
Save that the sallow torch of fun'ral light
Mocks the thick-spreading glooms of cheerless night.

Across, around, what eyeless spectres throng,
Shriek through the mournful aisles, and glide along!
Enwrapt in musing mood, with hasty stride,
And mien disturb'd, see sullen Suicide
Burst from his restless grave! with wistful eyes,
And haggard front, he views the distant skies:
He marks of heav'nly bliss the raptur'd choir,
And op'ning paradise, with vain desire;
For hopeless as he treads with broken pace,
Averted angels turn the blushing face.

See ruthless Murder, all with blood defil'd!
A mother plunge the dagger in her child!
The milky stream of genial life deny,
And bid the innocent unpitied die.
In vain the babe uplifts its little hands,
When e'en her babe a Mother's heart withstands.
There, by a savage Son, oh! hellish deed!
Behold an aged partial Parent bleed!
The arm uprais'd extends the savage knife,
And pays for being with the loss of life.
Affrighted Earth with sudden horror quakes,
And trembling Nature to her centre shakes.

See tortur'd Jealousy with yellow eye,
Vext, bite his nether lip, and gleams awry;
By inward tortures wrings his rankling heart,
Madness, and spleen, and envy's piercing smart.
He chases shapes by misconception got,
Ideal forms, that mem'ry ne'er can blot.
To him nor light the sun nor nature fair:
He lives the fixt companion of despair.
See ghastly Pride, still deckt with regal crown,
Stern o'er his shadowy subjects darkly frown;
In purple robe he mounts his faithless throne,
Mock'd by the eyeless skull and fleshless bone;
And in fantastic trappings ill array'd,
How impotently threats the ghastly shade!
Ambition starts, and at his impious word
Murder unsheaths his all-devouring sword:
Millions on millions rising at his call,
And all to soothe his pride those millions fall:
For them not ever dew of pity steals
Adown his cheek; not he their mis'ry feels:
Yet willing millions his mad passion feed,
Freedom resign, and ready victims bleed.

Riot prepares his festal dome with waste,
And calls his friend Intemperance to the feast:
The house all lustre, breathes with sweet perfume,
Resounds with music, smiles with youthful bloom.
Festivity trips light the wanton dance,
And Lust shoots languishing his am'rous glance;
While Death invisible, with hideous mien,
Grins secret satisfaction at the scene.
But hark! what sounds so sweetly stealing still,
Enchant my ear, my nerves with rapture thrill?
Æolian lyres awake! Peace breathes around,
And all the tuneful air is magic sound:
The glooms disperse, and cloth'd in new-born light,
What heav'nly visions swim before my sight!
In robes of white lo! Innocence appears,
And Consolation smiling all through tears:
Majestic and erect see Virtue tread,
While amaranthine garlands crown her head:
Hope points to distant rays that faintly gleam
O'er horrors brown, and many a torrent stream:
Grief eyes dark clouds of sorrow distant flown,
And joys for all the sorrows she had known.

Her budding wings the saint Religion tries,
Spurns the dull earth, and pants to gain the skies;
No more with unknown transports fires my breast:
Nor can the heart of man conceive the rest.

THE END.

LIST OF WORKS,

TO BE HAD OF MURRAY AND HIGHLEY,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The SEA, a Poem, boards, price 4s. 6d.

The COUNTRY PARSON, a Poem, 1s.

SERMONS on various Subjects, first vol. 8vo. 5s.

Second volume of ditto, 6s.

EUGENIO, or the Precepts of Prudentius, a moral Tale, 2s. 6d.

ELEMENTS of GEOGRAPHY, 1s. 6d.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, London.